

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 381.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 17.

Harper's Easy Chair for July introduces a poem on Keats by "one whose heart has answered to the very spirit of his song."

## A Pansy from the Grave of Keats.

"That's for Thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

Three velvet petals darkly spread  
In sumptuous sorrow for the dead,  
Superbly sombre as a pall  
Wrought for an elin funeral;  
Two, hued like wings of silver light  
Unfurled for Psyche's heavenward flight;  
And every petal, o'er and o'er,  
All legended with fairy lore,  
A palimpsest of fables old,  
And mythic stories manifold.

Endymion in enchanted swoon  
Tranced by the melancholy moon;  
And, hovering near, the crescent-crowned  
Artemis, with her sylvan hound;—  
The virgin huntress, proud and pale,  
Betrayed to passion's blissful bale,  
Till all her beautiful disdain  
Is lost in love's imperial pain.

Sad, star-eyed Lamia's serpent spell,  
And the wild dirge of Isabel.

Hyperion in his palace bright  
Bastioned with pyramids of light,  
Kindling the dawn with fiery breath,  
Battling with Darkness and with Death—  
The pregnant fable left half told—  
A fading blush of morning gold.

The vigil of Saint Agnes' night,  
The visioned slumber, soft and light,  
In chamber silken, hushed and chill,  
Where Madeline lies dreaming still,  
Lost in the lap of legends old,  
And curtained from the moonlight cold;  
Till, like a phantom, unespied,  
The minstrel lover woos his bride.  
I hear afar the wassail roar  
Surge through the distant corridor,  
As through the ancient, bannered halls  
The midnight music swells and falls;  
The castle lamps are all aglow—  
The silver-snarling trumpets blow—  
'Twas ages, ages long ago,  
The vigil of Saint Agnes' night—  
The ruse, the revel, and the flight;  
But, till love's fairy lore be past,  
The charm of Agnes' Eve shall last.

The poet sleeps, and pansies bloom  
Beside his far, Italian tomb;  
The turf is heaped above his bed,  
The stone is mouldering at his head;  
But each fair creature of his thought,  
In pangs of glorious travail wrought—  
From depths of some immortal dream  
Transferred to daylight's common beam—  
Lives the charm'd life that waneth never,  
A Beauty and a Joy forever. S. H. W.  
Providence, May 14.

A young Swedish singer, Mlle. ANDREE, is making a great sensation at Stockholm, and promises, it would seem, to be another Jenny Lind. At a concert given the other day at the Royal Theatre, and attended by all the rank and fashion of the court and city, she was received with the utmost enthusiasm. She is about to make her appearance on the opera stage.

## Are Birds worth their keeping?

Under this head HENRY WARD BEECHER replies, with one of his best "Star Papers," to one who complains that the birds rob his cherry trees. After suggesting various moral uses of birds, he comes to their singing and proceeds as follows:

But there is another sparrow—the tribe is large—the Song-sparrow, whose note is the sweetest, we sometimes think, of all the summer's birds. It is a perpetual songster. It comes early and stays late. It sings all day. We have heard its soft, clear, and exquisitely sweet little snatch of melody, from out of the tree overhead, at two o'clock on a sultry day, with the thermometer at 90° and no wind stirring! Is not that fidelity? Dear little soul, I would give it all the cherries on the place for itself and fellows, and bushels more, if it will deign to confer upon me still the favor of such sweet utterances! For, in good sooth, men are the beneficiaries and birds are the benefactors. It is arrogance and egotism for us to regard insects, birds, and innocuous beasts, as honored in our mere tolerance! They too are God's creatures. They too are a part of the filling up of the grand picture of his earthly cathedral. They have an errand of their own, a place of honor; and no one is to despise or patronizingly to condescend to notice that which God made, and makes, and rejoices over in every land and field upon the globe.

Next to these, we hear every day, just now, the Wren. A pert, petite, smart, brave little animated spark is he! His song is a twisted thread of sweetness. His amazing assiduity in doing nothing is quite edifying. He is brave in battle—as human bustling do-nothings seldom are—and will whip twice his weight of martins and swallows.

But none of these mentioned birds are particularly fond of fruit. Seeds and insects form their diet in chief. The same is true of that artist, the Bobolink, that sings at the north in a black and white livery; but going south changes his coat and his note, and, like many another northern-bred black-coat, drops into good living, and grows fat in the rice-swamps, and forgets to use his voice, except to call for more food, or raise an alarm cry when there is some danger of losing what he has got. The chief depredators of the garden are, the Robin, the Blue Jay, the Oriole, and the Pea-Bird, or Wax-wing.

A man that would shoot a Robin, except in fall, when, in flocks, they are gathered together to caravan the air in their long pilgrimage to southern glades and forests, and then really and conscientiously for food, has in him the blood of a cannibal, and would, if born in Otaheite, have eaten ministers, and digested them too.

Indeed, if it were not too much trouble to re-write what we have said of the Song-sparrow, we would say that the Robin is our sweetest summer singer. This universal favorite has a variety of songs. All are sweet, but one rises far above all the rest. At evening, the sun gone down, the cows returned from pasture, the landscape radiant in its salient points, but growing dim and solemn underneath, then, as you sit musing in your door, you shall hear from a tree on the lawn, a little distant, a continuous calling song, full of sweet importunity mingled with sadness. It is the call for its absent mate. Sometimes it rolls and gurgles for but a moment, when a shadow flits through the air, and a sudden flash of leaves, the song stops, two birds glide out upon the sky, and fly to their home. But at other times the bird's grief is your gain. No coming mate shortens his song. Some remorseless boy has brought him down, to sing, and build, and brood no more; some cat, or hawk, or gazing snake has dined up-

on the fair thing. And so, though the twilight falls, and the evening grows darker, the song calls on, pausing only to change the manner, throwing in here and there coaxing notes and staccato exclamations of impatience, but going back soon to the gushing, pining, yearning home-call. Take all my strawberries if you want them, oh singer! Come to-morrow for my cherries! You pay me in one single song for all that you can eat in a summer! and leave me still in your debt. For there is no such thing as paying for that which touches your heart, raises your imagination, wings your fancy, and carries you up, by inspired thoughts, above the level of selfish life. The heart only can pay the heart for good service! As to cherries, I'll take my chance when my betters are served. Eat what you wish, sweet sir, and if there are any left, I will think them all the sweeter, as a part of your banquet.

As to the Oriole, there are but few of them. I wish there were more. The Jay, too, though a brave eater, and a large one, sticks to the woods, for the most part, and comes but seldom to the garden. Its note is as terrible as the music of the Scotch bagpipe. We should think the spir-its of a dozen old pipers had entered into every particular Blue Jay, and their notes quarreled and jangled in its throat which should be most cutting and cacophonous! Yet the Blue Jay won its way to our regard, and in this wise: When living in Indiana they sang a great deal about our little one-story house, and screamed and shrieked with such terrible vigor that our nerves gave way. We had had chills and fever—were weak, and a little edgy. We took our gun and began an indiscriminate warfare. The Jay is tenacious of life and dies game. After a day or two of shooting, we began to admire the soldier-like quality of these splendid and high-plumed fellows. And when, with our last shot, we brought down a splendid specimen, half shot to pieces, but full of pluck, his eye bright, his courage up, fighting for his life, that ebbed away, and dealing blows right and left at our hand with his stiff bill, and died without flinching, pluck to the very last gasp, we were conquered, and vowed that we would never shoot such a brave bird again! We never have. We never will.

But, now, as to the Wax-wings, or the little crested, yellow Pea-birds, that never come to cheer you, that eat none of the marauding insects, that only sing a sharp "pee-ze," while they are gobbling down your fruit or ripping out the peas from the tender pod,—why, we must say, that if any birds are to be shot, these are the ones. We do not recommend it. For it may scare the song-birds, and wound the feelings of Robins, etc. All the cherries on earth could not be so sweet in our mouth as are the notes of Robins in our ears. These drops of sound are the true fruits, and the wide air is that garden universal which rears and shakes them down for all whose senses are refined enough to know how to feed by the eye and the ear, more than by the mouth.

## The Handel Festival.

(From the London Athenæum, June 25.)

*The Rehearsal.*—The preliminary notices of this superb gathering have been on a scale so entirely in concord with the rest of the undertaking—so long and minute by way of preface, dissertation, anecdote, and reminiscence—so diffusely spread over the past six months—that little remains to be offered as symphony to any notice of the grandest musical meeting which the world has ever witnessed. That the Handel Festival of 1859 would far overpass that of 1857 must have been evident to all who only began to think

and to compare on the subject this day week at the rehearsal. The enlargement of the orchestra has been already mentioned; also its inclosure by the tent roof, or *velarium*, dependent in graceful curves from the central point. We have not before adverted to the decoration, which, though scenic ("a sham," the orthodox phrase might be), representing a parapet, paneled with the names of Handel's master-works, above which appears, betwixt pillars, a mimic sky, seems to us felicitous because light; not contradicting the idea of space and multitude, and in harmony with the color of the framework of the building. This gain to the eye, moreover, upon the skeleton structure of 1857 has been accompanied with corresponding profits for the ear. Those who idly imagine that force, as distinct from richness, of sound, is increased in ratio to the numbers co-operating—and who have dreamed of some effects, colossal, tremendous, far exceeding any former experiences—were, as they were in 1857, disappointed. As in 1857, too, galleries and nave, block C and block S, had each its own pleasures to recount, or its own deficiencies to complain of. Gigantic performances like these inevitably breed immoderate expectations, and can be reported fully by no solitary witness. To ourselves, it was evident, that not merely the sonority of the chorus had been enriched in mellowness, that certain orchestral effects (especially those of the stringed instruments) came out far more distinctly than on the former occasion,—but, also, that the completion of the arrangements had mightily increased the penetrating power of the volume of sound. Those who left the rehearsal before it was over might be well startled, as with a new sensation, when, in the open air, having passed the roserie in the garden, the chorus, "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," seemed to fill the air behind and above them with a "voice like the sound of many waters," the words of which Voice, too, were clearly to be distinguished at that great distance. It is the novelty and the picturesqueness of such experiences—we can hardly too often repeat—which characterize enormous gatherings such as this, where four thousand musicians play and sing for audiences of twenty thousand to hear—and not an exaggeration of familiar musical effects.

The improvement in the quality and training of the chorus, beyond what might have been expected within two years, was no less noticeable, even at the rehearsal. The progress of the London voices has been reported on in its place. They were admirably reinforced by the provincial contingent, selected from every corner of the three kingdoms. It was interesting as a sign of advance to see at the rehearsal how, after some vacillation and want of confidence at the outset, the huge mass composed of such different materials became steady, submissive, and effective under Signor Costa's *bâton*. This was particularly to be felt in the work least familiar to the singers of town and country, the "Dettingen Te Deum." No such result, we assert, would be possible under such circumstances in any other country, and, it may be added, under any other auspices.

"The Messiah."—The audience on Monday numbered more than seventeen thousand persons. We conceive the performance the most remarkable one of "the Sacred Oratorio" which ever has taken place. With slight exception, the singers, one and all, choristers and *soli*, did their best. The orchestra was without a fault, strong, superb, and brilliant; with such reinforcement as the immense mass of voices demands by way of filling up and balance; and such as history warrants us in declaring that Handel got for himself, whensoever the grandeur of the occasion demanded it. Since the old irrational criticism of the purists has not been wanting on the occasion, with the old talk about "finality," applicable to no composer less than to Handel, many of whose full effects are indicated in his scores (himself having been wont to complete them on the organ), let it be stated, that so far as thought and research qualify more liberal persons to speak, the utmost praise must be given to Signor Costa for the skill with which he has nourished Handel's scores, so

as to strengthen and fill out the orchestral portion of them in support of a mass of voices, else overwhelming. Nothing but consummate experience of effect, in the production of works on every scale, could have ensured a result so masterly, because so unobtrusive. The handling of the "Dettingen Te Deum" and—we may add, on the warrant of the rehearsal,—of "Israel" is not to be forgotten, among the recollections of so memorable a time. To return to "The Messiah"—the effect of its noblest choruses could not be exceeded: the close of "All we, like sheep," the rendering of "Lift up your heads," the "Hallelujah," and the "Amen," are so many things never to be forgotten. There was the splendor of inspiration in the "Hallelujah." It was well done to resist the *encore*, demanded by the audience of seventeen thousand, since no repetition could have strengthened the impression. \* \* \*

As in 1857, the performance of Wednesday even transcended in completeness that of the foregoing morning. The "Dettingen Te Deum" went admirably, and proved to be a work thoroughly well fitted for a monster festival; it being conceded that the concerted pieces for the *solo* voices were treated chorally; the trio, "Thou sittest at the right hand" (as an instance) being treated in full chorus with the utmost success. *Cognoscenti*, we observe, are critical on the predominance in this "Te Deum" of the key of D major. As was remarked, however, the other day, in certain "Handel Studies," the old composers, and Handel especially, did not disdain monotony as a means of effect, and to our ears, if some variety be, haply, lost, a stateliness of unity is gained, which goes in part to compensate for such loss. The "Cherubim and Seraphim" chorus—Handel's other "Hallelujah"—almost rivalled that incomparable chorus in the overwhelming grandeur of its effect. The *piano* passage, too, shortly before the close of the final chorus, was worked out with as much delicacy and precision; and there is nothing in music that can replace a *piano* to which myriad voices contribute. Signor Belletti sang the *solo* bass part in the "Te Deum" with admirable steadiness and dignity—making the utmost of every note of his voice, which, though comparatively small in body, told twice as well as the more ponderous organ of Herr Formes told a couple of years ago, owing to the superior purity of its production. There was hardly a fault, save among the trumpeters, who *must*, it would seem, be uncertain in their intonation, at least, in England.

In the subsequent parts of this noble sacred concert, we shall merely specify the pieces which produced the greatest impression. That wonderful chorus, on one bar of a ground bass, "Envy, eldest-born of Hell," and the "Dead March" in "Saul," which had somehow disappointed us at rehearsal, were re-demanded. Both of these were given with a sensibility as well as a perfect unity, which we have been used to consider as only to be found in Germany. The spirit of the "Dead March" must have been felt by every performer. We trust that the profound impression made by these two magnificent pieces of music may lead to a disinterment of "Saul," the fullness and picturesque grandeur of which, especially in its songs, has always given to this oratorio a place of favor with us, hardly granted to it by our great Handel public. The songs, with chorus, "Let the bright Seraphim" (Madame Novello), and "Sound an alarm" (Mr. Sims Reeves), were also *encored*. The concert was ended with due splendor by that choral march of marches, "See, the conquering hero."

Two or three *notabilia* remain to close the sketch of the proceedings up to Wednesday night. One of these was the mass of Handel publication and literature; a complete collection of which would almost make a small library of itself. Handbooks, biographies, studies, cheap editions of the music performed, in every variety of form and of every variety of authority, made up a sight not the least curious of all the sights presented by the Sydenham Palace. It was curious to those who went down by the road to be hailed at every half-quarter of a mile, after Brixton Church was passed, with the eager cry of "Words

and Music," as the venders stepped out to the string of vehicles. A van full of "Messiahs," drawn up among "the new-made hay" under the young green of an oak-tree, was among the characteristic sights of Monday. Within the Palace, the quantity of "musical food for the mind," piled up in every corner, handed about in every alley, passes description. Could the Master have been called up to see such a show, he must by this, if by no other manifestation, have fancied himself in Dream-land. The solitary phenomenon which might have come home to him as a familiarity was the feminine *costume* of his audience; with a difference however,—seeing that when his "sacred oratorio," "The Messiah," was first given in Dublin, the ladies were entreated, by advertisement, to *lay aside* their hoops! The preposterous extravagance of the present fashion could hardly have been more whimsically (and in some cases distressingly) illustrated than in "the anxious benches" of the Crystal Palace, and the "unutterable cram" at the wickets of the railway stations.

In assiduity, courtesy, and complete organization on the part of all concerned, this great meeting could hardly out-do that of 1857. Invitations, however, this year, had been sent to some of the most distinguished musicians on the Continent; but, true to their habit of making light of England's Art (though not of England's money), these were responded to by only one or two artists. It is instructive to put this on record; recollecting, as we do, how cordially a good half of musical London went to Bonn on the occasion of that mismanaged failure, the Beethoven Festival; and aware that not a new opera of pretension comes out in Paris, but English amateurs and professors will be found there, expressly to know and to partake of it.

#### New French Books on Music.

(From the Athenæum.)

*Musical Literature and Criticism*.—[*Critique, &c.*] Second Series. By P. Scudo. (Paris, Hachette & Co.) *Grotesques in Music*.—[*Les Grotesques, &c.*] By Hector Berlioz. (Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.) The houses of *Montagu* and *Capulet* were not set further apart the one from the other by disposition, antipathy and prejudice (which implies want of understanding) than the two musical critics—both holding high stations in the world of French criticism—whose books are here coupled. Whereas it seems difficult to find readers for any English work on a musical subject, many of our countrymen have patience with, and appetite for, such ware of the kind as our neighbours may furnish; and thus, while directing attention to this pair of volumes, we will do our best briefly to characterize what they contain which may amuse,—what is wanting to accredit their reception as authorities. Both, let us state, to account for the absence of extract, are made up of articles which have appeared elsewhere—corrected, possibly, and in some degree modified. M. Scudo brings to his task a style agreeable without pedantry, and courteous without affectation. On the subject of the past generation of Italian singers he is generally well informed; he is fairly just, according to our sympathies, when treating modern Italian opera (the only music left to Italy.) With regard to other schools and traditions, he is an unsafe guide. His raptures ring hollow. He knows (what professor or amateur in Paris does not?) the right tone of ecstasy in which to sing the glories of Mozart. If anything could weary us of "Don Giovanni," it would be the perpetual apotheosis of the "trio of masks," which is part of every Parisian journalist's stock in trade. But Haydn's "Seasons" seem yet more to M. Scudo's liking. He has hardly a word concerning Bach, save from an awful distance, reminding us of that from which English poetical critics (on the strength of a slight reading of Sir William Jones) used to mention "Sacotala." His ignorance regarding Handel is only generic. Weber, again, has of late become a pet author with the Parisians,—and, accordingly, M. Scudo "follows suit"—though it would be hard to exceed in shallowness his criticisms on "Euryanthe"; since he does not even know that Helmine von Chzy derived her story from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," ascribing it to an old French tale. Beethoven, again, puzzles M. Scudo. He struggles to be profound and discriminating, like the rest; but what are we to think of the acumen of a critic who finds the confusions of the Ninth Symphony in its first movement? Of Dr. Spohr there is hardly a word; of Mendelssohn phrases which con-



'radiet one another. He is described as now an imitator of Weber—now of Beethoven. If the performance in Paris of half 'Elijah,' some two years ago, could be outdone in baldness and misconception, it would be by the paragraphs in which that greatest and most genial work of recent music is here dismissed. On the whole, we recollect few cases in which the absence of any attempt to keep pace with the times is more remarkable than in this book, plausible and pleasing though it be. The best chapters in it are the monographs on Bordogni, Lablache and the Philidors.

The 'Grotesques' of M. Berlioz appeal to a totally different class of readers, to such as love the paradox,—the "calenbourg," the "charge," (things not precisely rendered by "play on words" and "caricature.") There is more of fun and farce than food in them—but the fun and the farce have in them a spice of bitterness, sometimes play with things too petty to be worth a joke, sometimes present ignorance in the guise of originality. All the while the author rarely loses sight of M. Berlioz. When, for instance, the well-known psalm by Marcello, "I cieli immensi," is ridiculed by him as a vulgar and undignified tune, the ridicule will explain to many why it happens that little or nothing of that which the world has agreed to consider as melody is in his own elaborately-medicated compositions. Sometimes, however, there is self-forgetfulness. One who is thrown into spasms of grotesque sarcasm at the slightest tampering with the music of any given author (Gluck especially) should hardly, in his own person, have converted a duet by Gluck into a two-part chorus—hardly have scored a pianoforte piece by Weber—the 'Invitation'—as M. Berlioz has done. There is the old nonsense again, denouncing the trill or shake of the voice as a disgrace to serious music, only fit for the conveyance of broad and frivolous comedy,—M. Berlioz being the sworn foe to vocal execution. Once again, however, he must be asked whether every remark made in this humor might not also apply to every form of florid passage, and, if so, why not to instruments as well as voices? Down with the scale, chromatic and diatonic—down with *arpeggi* of all sorts and kinds—down with the *tremolando* for the orchestra as well as for the voice,—if each of these forms and patterns has only one inevitable character and use of its own—if it is to be regarded as intrinsically significant—and not as one resource or material the more! Only, if all these devices and designs are to be thrown down, what becomes of that which these vocal iconoclasts wish to establish as the only music worth having, *i. e.* the instrumental and descriptive symphony, with the voice taking the slave's part of simple declamatory subordination? We have too much regard for the quick musical sympathy of M. Berlioz when it is brought to bear on subjects which he knows—too much admiration for the resolution with which (right or wrong) he has fought for his own convictions, in his own career—too much relish for his humor (sometimes truly ready and keen) to spare him a single *comma* of the truth,—when we find him, as here, raking up nonsense, whimsy, personality—in order to make his public stare. One who directs the taste of others,—be he ever so fantastic, ever so rhapsodical, ever so dogmatic, ought not to merit the appellation given to our author, he tells us, by the omnibus driver at Marseilles. The setter forth in music of 'King Lear,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' the 'Holy Family,' the writer of Requiems with four choirs, and 'Te Deums,' for which no cathedral is vast enough;—and who has attempted, for the Opera (he tells us), no theme less ambitious than

the wondrous tale of Troy,

—one to whom Gluck is a divinity, and Beethoven an intoxicating and elevating inspiration—ought to bear a better name, even when his wit soars the gayest. There are grotesques and grotesques: those amusing—these mischievous. The chapter "Prejudices"—which contains apparently serious, not grotesque, views of rhythm, may be considered on some future day, when the subject, as a neglected subject of great importance, comes to be treated separately.

### Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 117).

No. 15.

Mozart the Elder to M. Hagenauer.

London, May 28, 1764.\*

On the 27th of April, five days after our arrival, we were from six to nine with their Majesties. The present was only 24 guineas, which was handed to us at the moment of leaving the king's apartment. As regards the kindness shown us by their Majesties,† it is not to be described. Their very amiable behavior prevented us from remembering, even for an instant, that we had to do with the king and queen of

England. We have been received in every court with extreme politeness; but what we have seen here is beyond all. A week after, we were walking in St. James's Park, when the king and queen happened to pass in their carriage. Although we all wore different dresses, they recognized us, and not only did they salute us, but the king let down a window and put his head out, nodding to us and waving his hand, especially to our Master Wolfgang.

I again beg of you to have three masses said at the altar of the Infant Jesus at Loretto; three at Maria Plain; two at St. Francis de Paolo; two at St. John Nepomucene, and two others at St. Antony of the Pari-h.

We have left the chief of our baggage at Hummel's, the banker, in Paris, and, consequently, all our snuff-boxes, watches, and other valuable articles. M. Grimm, our devoted friend, who did everything for us in Paris, gave, besides, at our departure, a gold watch to Nanerl, and to Wolfgang a dessert knife with a mother o' pearl handle, set in gold, with two blades, one gold and the other silver.

On the 19th of May we again spent an evening, from six till ten, with their Majesties. Only two princes were there—the king's brother and the queen's brother. On taking leave we were presented with 24 guineas. On the 5th of June, we are to have what is here called a benefit. The season for concerts is over, and we cannot look forward to anything great, as the expenses will amount to 40 guineas. Basta! All will go well, provided with God's assistance, we continue in full health, and God preserves in health our invincible Wolfgang. The king not only gave him pieces by Wagenseil to play, but Bach's, Abel's, and Handel's music; he executed all *prima vista*. He played so well on the king's organ, that every one preferred his organ playing to that on the piano; afterwards he accompanied the queen, who sang, and a solo on the German flute. Last of all, he took the violin part of Handel's airs, who was present, and on the simple bass part extemporized the most ravishing melodies. All were in the last degree astonished. In short, what he knew when he left Salzburg is only the shadow of what he now knows; it passes all imagination. He sends you his compliments from the piano, where he is at this moment running through a trio of Bach. Not a day passes but he speaks at least thirty times of Salzburg, of his friends, of ours, and of his patrons. He has at this moment an opera in his head, which he will have executed by young Salzburghers only; I have often had to name to him all the young people of Salzburg, whom he sets down beforehand for his orchestra.

No. 16.

The Same to the Same.

London, June 8, 1764.

I have just had another great fright. I had to make in three hours' time 100 guineas. The danger is luckily over. Every one was in the country. There was no hope of doing anything except on the 5th of June, the eve of the king's birthday. We only had a few days to dispose of tickets in; until then no one had been in town. As, generally speaking, two or three weeks are required for the disposal of these, people were astonished that I was able to get rid of 200. All the ambassadors and the first families of England came to the concert. I cannot as yet say whether I shall have 100 guineas profit over; I have still to receive some money from my Lord March for thirty-six tickets, and from a friend in the town for forty. But how enormous are the charges. For the room, without lighting and without desks, five guineas; for each piano—I am obliged to have two, on account of the concertos for two pianos—half a guinea; for the principal singer, male and female, five to six guineas; for the first violin three, for the soloists three, four, and five guineas; for each ordinary musician half a guinea. However, I had the good fortune to find the whole of the expenses, music and room included, amount only to twenty guineas, because the greater part of the musicians refused to accept anything. So, thank God, here is a clear receipt!

As for news, I can give you none beyond what you read in the papers. Is it not enough that my daughter is one of the most skilful artists in Europe, though only twelve years old, and the magnanimous Wolfgang knows all that can be required of a man of forty! In a word, who has not seen and heard this marvel can believe in it. All you folks at Salzburg know nothing about it, for it is a very different affair from before our departure.

No. 17.

The Same to the Same.

London, June 28, 1764.

I have again 100 guineas to send to Salzburg, which I might easily increase to half as much again

without inconvenience to myself. Next week we shall go to Tunbridge, where a great many of the nobility go to take the waters in July and August.

A concert is about to be given at Ranelagh, for the benefit of a new lying-in hospital. Wolfgang shall play a concerto on the organ there as an act of English patriotism; it is the way to win the affections of this nation.

No. 18.

The Same to the Same.

Chelsea, September 13, 1764.

In consequence of my illness we have taken a house of Mr. Randal, in Twelffield-row. Among my friends in London there is a certain Sipruntini, a great virtuoso on the violoncello. He is the son of a Dutch Jew. After having travelled in Italy and Spain, he found the faith, ceremonies, and ordinances of the Hebrew religion ridiculous, and he abandoned his faith. I was lately conversing with him on religion; and after a long conversation I found that he was content to believe in God, to love Him first, and next to love his neighbor as himself, and to live like an honest man. I took some pains to make him understand a few ideas proper to our faith, and I brought matters so far as that he agreed with me that of all Christian confessions, the Catholic faith was the best. Shortly I shall make a fresh attack; but we must proceed gently. Patience! perhaps I may become a missionary in England.

No. 19.

London, March 19, 1765.

My concert did not take place till the 25th of February, and was not so full as I expected, on account of the great number of *plaisirs* of the season. However, we made a receipt of 130 guineas, twenty-seven of which went to expenses. I cannot tell where the fault lies, and why there was not more generosity shown. But I did not accept the reproach which has been urged against me. Of what use is it to speak of a thing which I did after mature reflection, after many sleepless nights, with determination—and which is past? For I am fully resolved not to bring up my children in so dangerous a country, where the greater number have no religion, and only had examples are before one's eyes. Could you witness the education of children here, you would be surprised. As for matters of religion, it won't do to talk of it. The queen gave fifty guineas to Wolfgang for the dedication of his Sonatas.† I shall not, at the end of the reckoning, have made as much in London as appearances promised in the beginning.

No. 20.

The Hague, September 10, 1765.‡

The Dutch Minister in London had frequently urged us to pay a visit to the Hague and the Prince of Orange. He spoke to the deaf. After leaving London on the 24th of July, we stayed a day at Canterbury, and afterwards, to the end of the month, at the estate of an English squire. On the very day of our departure, the Minister came again to pay us a visit, begging us to go to the Hague at once, saying that the Princess of Weillburg, sister to the Prince of Orange, had an extraordinary desire to see my children: was it possible to refuse anything to a lady who was *enclinte*?

It was on the 1st of August I quitted England. At Calais we met, in the shape of acquaintances, the Duchess de Montmorency and the Prince of Croy. Wolfgang and I were detained four weeks at Lille by sickness, and we were not quite restored at Ghent. Wolfgang played there on the new organ of the Fathers of the Order of St. Bernard, and at Antwerp on that of the Cathedral.

We have been here a week; we have been twice to the Princess, and once to the Prince of Orange, who placed his equipage at our disposal. My daughter has fallen sick; when she is better, we are to return to the Prince and Princess of Weillburg, and also to the Duke of Wolfenbüttel.

The journey is paid for. Who will pay for the return? This we must see. My wife begs you to have masses said for us at the parish church, at Maria Plain, at Loretto, and one in honor of St. Walpurgis wherever you please.

No. 21.

The Hague, November 5, 1765.

It was much against my will that we came to the Hague, and though I have not lost my poor daughter she has been at the last extreme. When all hope was lost, I advised her to be resigned to the Divine will. She received the holy viaticum and extreme unction. Ah! if any one could have heard my wife, my daughter, and myself, at that supreme moment! Could he have heard us persuading that poor Nanerl of the vanity of the world, of the blessed death of

children, they could not have remained insensible—all this time Wolfgang was playing music in the adjoining room.

At last the Princess sent me the honest and respectable Professor Schwenkel, who treated the malady altogether in a different manner. My daughter was frequently beside herself, alternately wakeful and plunged in a stupor, talking in her sleep, sometimes English, sometimes German, in such a way, that, notwithstanding our affliction, we were forced to laugh: it made Wolfgang, too, forget his sorrow. It remains now to be known whether God will grant my daughter the grace of restoring her to strength, or whether some fresh accident will supervene. In any case we submit ourselves to the will of God. Before e'er we started from Salzburg, we prayed urgently to God that he should interpose some obstacle to our voyage, or speed it by his blessing. If my daughter die, she will die like a saint. If God grant her life, we pray that hereafter, at his own time, he may accord to her an end as innocent, as holy as her death would be at this time. I hope we shall preserve her, for at the moment when she was at the worst, on the Sunday, when in the words of the Gospel, I said, "Domine Descende, Lord, come down ere my daughter die," the Gospel answered me: "She is not dead, but sleepeth; thy faith hath saved her."

Pray have masses said in my daughter's name. She thought, also, of the blessed Credentia, and desires that a mass may be said under her invocation; but, as we cannot do so until the church have decided something regarding this saintly soul, I leave it to your wife to hold a consistory, with several Franciscan fathers, and settle the matter in such a manner that my daughter may be satisfied, while conforming, at the same time, with the laws of God and the holy church.

As soon as my daughter's health will permit, I intend to spend a few days with Wolfgang at Amsterdam.

\* Mozart, on leaving Paris with his family, had crossed over to England by Calais, and reached there April 10, 1764.

† George III. and Queen Charlotte.

‡ Mozart spent in London, during the year, 1790. He had six new sonatas, by his son, engraved; they were for the piano and dedicated to Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain.

§ The Mozart family left England the 1st of August, 1765, and returned by way of Calais to Germany, passing through Paris and Flanders.

(To be continued.)

### Uniform Musical Pitch.

#### MEETING IN LONDON.

(Continued from page 125.)

Mr. NICHOLSON had himself been a sufferer from the variation of the pitch throughout the country, and he had made some experiments to show the absolute necessity, if it could be arrived at, of something like uniformity of pitch. At the close of the London season last autumn, they had three musical festivals in the country, and the difference of pitch between the highest and lowest of the organs used was just a semitone; so that the music played in D at Hereford was played in E flat at Leeds. This variation, as affecting the class of instruments upon which he played, was very serious. It was impossible to carry about a case of instruments to suit the various pitches, and the only means they had of meeting the difficulty was by using different reeds. The medium reed was that which was in use seven years ago in the orchestra of London, but within the last three years they had got their reeds from Paris, and these had to be made specially to suit the English pitch. This had an injurious effect upon the tones of the instrument, more especially at the extremes of its compass. He did not agree with the suggestion made by Mr. Mellon in his letter, that the highest pitch they now had should be the one adopted. He objected to that for many reasons. He thought those who had had experience of the differences of tone in an orchestra, would bear him out that the high pitch they were at present accustomed to was very disagreeable. It made the stringed instruments anything but brilliant; it reduced the size of the strings, and made the tone wiry, and it destroyed the deep volume of sound. There was one other thing he had noticed, and those present who were interested in the scientific part of the subject might be able to make something of it. That was, that in the orchestra mean pitch there was considerable variation in summer and winter; in other words, the pitch of orchestral performances in which he had played during the winter, was perceptibly lower than during the height of summer. If he were to make a suggestion with regard to the advisability of altering the pitch, he should be in favor of a pitch not too low—something near to that of the Exeter Hall organ, and not quite so low as Mr. Hullah's fork; but certainly between the Philharmonic and Opera pitch.

Sir GEORGE SMART said the question at present before them was whether a musical fixed pitch was desirable, not what that pitch should be. A standard or fixed pitch was no new idea. It was stated that, in the time of Pope Leo X., it was thought convenient to have a bell or large organ pipe, whereon a person used to sound the tone to the choir at the beginning and end of an anthem, and sometimes in the middle of it, to keep the singers to the right pitch. The same practice was pursued by Benedictine monks, in 1673. Therefore, although this was no new subject, he nevertheless thought it a very important one, and one which he hoped would be settled by this movement in favor of a uniform pitch, which, in his humble judgment was highly desirable. He begged to second the resolution proposed by Mr. Cox.

Mr. BENEDICT thought that the pitch must be regulated by the human voice. The fact was the voice had been too much neglected of late in favor of instrumental effect. He thought the absence of that purity of intonation which had formerly characterized cathedral singers was mainly to be attributed to the excessive height of the pitch, which imparted a kind of factitious brilliancy to the performances, but detracted from the real purity of sound. He therefore entirely agreed with what had fallen from Sir George Smart and the other gentlemen who had spoken, and he hoped the decision would be in favor of lowering the pitch, and not raising it.

Mr. ELLA said he happened to be in Paris at the time the report of the commission was brought up. He believed the subject had been investigated with much perseverance, and with true love for the art, and that a great deal of time would be saved if, agreeing as he thought all present did, upon the desirability of establishing a uniform pitch, a committee was formed to come to some practical result upon the matter. Whether or not they would decide in favor of the pitch which had been adopted in France he could not say. If they admitted music to be a universal language, it was more desirable to establish a universal pitch. He had passed twenty-seven years of his life in the orchestras of London; and he thought, in dealing with this question, instruments were to be considered rather than voices. Mozart, in his *Zauberflöte*, had written a scene which very few persons could sing, and there were many similar cases; so that if they took the varying standards of voices, he did not know how they would regulate the standard pitch by them: he thought instruments should establish it. He begged to suggest the propriety of forming a committee to investigate the advisability of adopting the pitch already established in France. He did not say that they ought to adopt that pitch, but he knew that the result had been arrived at after a most diligent investigation of the whole subject, and he thought the question should receive full consideration.

The CHAIRMAN gathered from the discussion, as far as it had gone, that the sense of the meeting was, that a uniformity of pitch was desirable, and he thought they need not occupy further time upon that point. With regard to certain difficulties suggested by Mr. Hullah, he thought some of them were to be easily settled. For instance, as to the pitch being higher at the beginning of the last century than it was now—

Mr. HULLAH had only said he believed it to have been so.

The CHAIRMAN—With regard to the observations of Mr. Nicholson, as to the effect of the difference of temperature in summer and winter upon the pitch, Dr. Smith had alluded to that circumstance in connection with the pipes of the organ, and he had given the variation in the number of vibrations in the months of November, September, and August, which were found to be in the following ratios:—In November, 254 vibrations; in September, 262 vibrations; and in August, 268 vibrations. As he had already said, he collected that the sense of the meeting was in favor of a uniform pitch. He would now put the resolution which had been proposed to that effect.

The resolution was unanimously passed.

The CHAIRMAN said the question which followed upon the preceding one was, what the musical pitch should be. Mr. Hullah having made a decided attempt in that direction, it would be interesting to hear from that gentleman what he had to say in favor of his plan.

Mr. ELLA would propose the appointment of a committee to investigate the pitch which the French commission had established. They had been engaged two years in investigating and discussing the subject, and it was only reasonable to suppose that a vast amount of valuable information had been collected, from some of which it was probable points of value might be gained. It was to be borne in mind, that many of their best orchestral players were

Frenchmen. The first oboe at the Italian Opera was a Frenchman, and they always tuned from that instrument.

The CHAIRMAN would say that he had never found any good to result from the formation of committees prematurely before they knew distinctly what they had to determine. He thought they should first hear the arguments for and against the adoption of various pitches.

Mr. NICHOLSON remarked that the instruments imported from Paris for the use of orchestras in England, were in a sharper key than those used in France. Oboes, bassoons, &c., were always made sharper for the English orchestras. An oboe had been lately imported from France which was much flatter than those used in our own orchestras, and it was necessary to have it cut to bring it to the necessary pitch. All the instruments, however, they had from Paris, were generally made with a view to the English pitch.

Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT believed that it was agreed on all hands that a uniform pitch was desirable. He ventured to say that the commission which had sat in Paris was one of the greatest authority; and it was evident from the report which had been put into his hands that day, that they had taken great pains, which might be saved to any future committee that might be appointed. France, whether justly or not, had been considered as the leading power in matters of art, at least so far as the Continent was concerned. According to the information that had been received, it was highly probable that the French pitch as now established would be introduced into all Germany. That perhaps was of no consequence to England; still it tended to prove that it ultimately would become more or less the universal pitch. A friend of his at Munich had written to him to say that he would exert himself to the utmost to get the pitch reduced there, if it were not carried too low. The pitch at Dresden, where they had the finest stringed instruments in the world, within a few vibrations agreed with the new pitch of Paris, and the rest of Germany was more or less used to a pitch very closely assimilating to that established in France. Of Italy he could not speak, but if this pitch was adopted over the rest of the Continent, it could hardly be supposed that Italy would stand aloof in the general movement, but would also lower her pitch; and, if it were lowered, was it not the most natural thing to suppose that they would adopt the French pitch? There ought to be universality in this matter. Music itself was a universal language, and he hoped in this respect it would be more harmonious than it was at present. Grand as England was in her musical exertions, he could not conceive that, without any grave reason for it, she would persist in having a pitch exclusively her own. He would say a word with respect to the voice. He did not agree with Mr. Ella that the voice was not to be considered in the settlement of this question. He thought the voice stood paramount. It was clear to every one that the voice could not be altered; and if they looked to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of olden times—he referred to the works of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven—there was much music which could not be sung at the present pitch. He hoped this question would be satisfactorily decided.

The CHAIRMAN said, without laying claim to any great knowledge of music, he would observe—having read the papers upon the subject which had been put into his hands—that every one must see that there was a perpetual acknowledgment that it was for the interest of the voice to resist that tendency to raise the pitch which had prevailed for a long time. With regard to the propriety of taking the French standard, it must be allowed that, being established by so powerful a body of musical influence as was united in producing this report, and so well received as it had been, there was strong reason for their accepting it; and as one who had been engaged in scientific operations of other kinds, he would just give them one word of warning with reference to what took place in another society, with regard to the French metre, when that was first established. Some time after this took place, an attempt was made to establish the English standard of measure by the oscillations of the pendulum, and the individual, who stood high in the scientific world, to whom the experiments were naturally referred, conceived that he had obtained results different from the French, and that therefore their calculations must have been erroneous, when the answer was—"By all means let us have something different from the French." He would merely remark that he thought that was not a wise spirit to act in; and he recommended them to approach the consideration of this question with a disposition rather to adopt, if possible, that which had already obtained a considerable amount of approval, than with a desire to establish anything better, regardless of the merits of the other system.



# MORNING, A CANTATA.

ENGLISH WORDS BY J. S. DWIGHT.

MUSIC BY F. RIES.

## INTRODUCTION. Representation of Twilight.

*Larghetto quasi Andante.*

*pp* *Sempre. pp*

*Cresc.*

*p*

*tr*

## Morning.

Piano introduction for 'Morning'. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features trills and arpeggiated chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a *tr* (trill) marking.

Vocal entry for 'Morning'. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is marked *Poco Allegretto* and *COR. solo.*. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* and includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Ca - lu - do." and a *Decres.* (decrescendo) marking.

Piano accompaniment for 'Morning'. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a rapid eighth-note pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece is marked *pp* and *Agitato*.

Piano accompaniment for 'Morning'. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a rapid eighth-note pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece is marked *Cresc.* (crescendo), *Accelerando*, and *Poco a poco*.

Piano accompaniment for 'Morning'. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a rapid eighth-note pattern, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece is marked *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

## No. 1.

## MORNING. "Wake, Brothers, Wake."

Soprano.  Wake, Brothers, wake, and

Alto.  Wake, Brothers, wake, and

Tenor.  Wake, Brothers, wake, and

Bass.  Wake, Brothers, wake, and

Piano-Forte.  ALLEGRO NON TROPPO. *Sf* *f*

strike the golden harp, strike the harp, the harp To the Lord of the morning.

strike the golden harp, the harp To the Lord of the morning.

strike the golden harp, strike the harp, the harp To the Lord of the morning. It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky

strike the golden harp, To the Lord of the morning. It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky

*Sf* *Sf* *pp*

## Morning.

It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky night, The dawn ap - pears, the dawn ap - pears, And

It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky night, The dawn ap - pears, the dawn ap - pears, And

night, It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky night, The dawn ap - pears, the dawn ap - pears, And

night, It glimmers, it glimmers through the dusky night, The dawn ap - pears, the dawn ap - pears, And

past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture, And past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture Praise his won - drous, won - drous

past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture, And past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture Praise his won - drous, won - drous

past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture, And past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture Praise his won - drous, won - drous

past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture, And past e - ter - ni - ties, and fu - ture Praise his won - drous, won - drous



Mr. TUTTON had been connected for twenty-five years with the band of the Horse Guards, during which period the pitch had been getting sharper and sharper. He had with him a little tuning-fork, which represented the pitch established in Belgium, and this was half a tone flatter than the pitch they were at now.

Madame GOLDSCHMIDT was of opinion that if the present pitch were adhered to, all the voices would be more or less spoiled, and that was one of the reasons why we had so few really good singers. For her own part, there was a considerable amount of music that she could not think of singing at the present pitch; and music which she sang with the greatest ease about twelve years ago, when the pitch was lower, she could not now attempt. If the raising of the pitch went on as it had hitherto done, the human voice would lose its beauty and strength; and she did not consider it was proper to tax the voice to that extent. In her opinion the standard of the pitch ought to be regulated by the human voice.

M. GOLDSCHMIDT did not suggest that they should adopt the French pitch merely because it was French, but chiefly because it was the pitch of the Philharmonic Society, and of Broadwood thirty years ago. As it was adopted by France why should we not also adopt it, especially as it was the good old pitch of olden times?

Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE was decidedly in favor of lowering the pitch. It was questionable whether it would tend to improve his own instrument to lower the pitch, though competent judges of stringed instruments had expressed an opinion that the violin, and its brethren of larger growth, suffered from the present high pitch. He might mention Herr Molique, a good authority on that subject, who considered it was ruining the violin to keep up the pitch to its present height. As regarded the effect of lowering it a little, he thought they would soon get used to it. He considered it would be of the greatest value to have a uniform pitch, and, if it were lower than the present one, there would be a strong feeling in favor of it on the part of the organists of cathedrals. Almost all the old organs were very much below the present pitch, very nearly approaching the pitch which was now adopted in France. If they kept up the pitch as high as it now was, it was impossible that these organs could be used in orchestral performances. Mr. Blagrove corroborated Mr. Hullah's statement with regard to the influence of temperature on the pitch of the organ, which caused inconvenience at the morning rehearsals. He believed they would do no practical good until they adopted the French pitch as it now stood. If they recognized the desirability of establishing a uniform pitch, his advice was not to go against their professional brethren abroad. Let them rather go with them if they could. It was true that we owed a great deal to Germany. The finest music known was composed by Germans, and what that nation was likely to do must be taken into consideration; but, for his own part, he would say, that if he were sure the Germans would adopt the French pitch, he would have no hesitation in accepting it.

The CHAIRMAN was sure the concluding advice of the last speaker would receive due attention. He was afraid that no body of musicians could prevent the pipes of an organ from becoming sharper, or the strings of instruments from getting flatter through the additional heat of the atmosphere in a room; the strings would expand by the influence of heat.

Sir GEORGE SMART said Mr. Goldschmidt had alluded to the pitch thirty years ago. He (Sir George Smart) was much concerned in the adoption of that pitch. At that time he found there was a great difference of opinion upon the subject, and he was now delighted to hear Mr. Blagrove pronounce in favor of a lower pitch, for at that time the players of stringed instruments especially were almost universally for raising it. Three of the greatest musicians of the time, viz., Mrs. Billington, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Griesbach assembled at his house, and they determined upon a pitch, the lady acting on the part of the female vocalists, Mr. Braham on that of the male voices, and Mr. Griesbach for the instruments. When those individuals had determined the pitch, he requested Mr. Broadwood to make a fork to that pitch. That fork was sent to Paris during the sitting of the Commission, and it was that which was described in the report as the No. 1 pitch. He granted it was a little flat, but it was purposely so, because, as the Chairman had said, nothing would prevent the rising of the pitch of the pipes of an organ when exposed to a heated atmosphere. It might be difficult in that numerous assembly to fix upon the pitch to be adopted, and if they then came to an agreement upon the subject it could hardly be expected to be satisfactory. He agreed with the remark that had been made, that, in the event of a committee being

appointed, it would be well for them to take into consideration what had been said in favor of the French pitch. Doubtless it would be adopted by Germany. He did not say that the French pitch was exactly what it ought to be, but he thought it was very near what he imagined a committee would decide upon.

The Rev. G. T. DRIFFIELD, as a musical amateur, would express a hope that the decision of this meeting would result in the lowering of the pitch which was now prevalent in London. He would urge it with reference to the requirements of the orchestra as well as to the requirements of the human voice, and he spoke the feelings of a large portion of amateurs in the kingdom. He was very much interested in the cause of the human voice, which had undoubtedly suffered by the rise which had been going on in the pitch, and this was more conspicuous in the performance of the chorus parts of the old masters. He especially alluded to what was dear to them all—the works of the immortal Handel. The chorus parts left by that great master had never been heard with all their mellow effects since the pitch was raised to its present scale. Mr. Hullah had expressed a doubt whether the pitch had risen at all during the 150 or 200 years. He (Mr. Driffield) could not go back to evidence of that remote period, but he could bring forward proofs that during the last 100 years the pitch had risen very considerably. About six years ago he became the purchaser of Handel's own tuning fork, and he had that instrument in his hand. That was evidence of what the pitch was in this country in 1759. It was an A fork. Mr. Driffield also produced another fork, mentioned in the catalogue as being of the same date as that of Handel. The tone was identical, but was an octave lower.

The CHAIRMAN thought the point to which the discussion converged was, that it was desirable that a committee should be appointed to report upon the pitch which they recommended to be adopted in England.

Mr. HULLAH would be glad to hear from Mr. Walker what would be about the expense, in round numbers, of lowering the pitch of an organ worth £2,000, a quarter of a tone.

Mr. WALKER, at a rough guess, should say perhaps £50.

Mr. DAVISON did not agree with that estimate, for he was convinced that it was very far below the mark. If the pitch was lowered at all in organs, it would be better to lower it half a note, which was the difference between the pitch of the opera orchestra and the proposed French pitch.

Mr. HULLAH said this was not strictly so, though it was so within about ten vibrations.

Mr. DAVISON submitted that the simplest plan would be to transpose the pipes half a note, and put fresh pipes for the lower notes, though in a large organ that would be rather expensive. Of all instruments to be considered in the adoption of a uniform pitch, he thought the organ should especially be taken into account.

Mr. BOWLEY thought the difficulty in dealing with this question would be to unite a sufficient amount of influence in the musical world generally, so as to lead to the adoption of the views which they decided to be best. Fortunately for them they did not live under the same régime as their neighbors across the Channel. We must take a more moderate course. When the organ was placed in Exeter Hall, it was a matter of grave consideration to what diapason it should be tuned, so as to adapt it both to the ancient and modern works which would be performed upon it. They had to reconcile the music of Handel with that of Mendelssohn.

Mr. BLAGROVE thought if they took the three pitches, Handel's, Sir G. Smart's, and Hullah's, there would be very little difference between them—more especially comparing Hullah's and Smart's. He believed that, within very little, they were identical with the Paris pitch.

Mr. HULLAH could assure the meeting that he was not bigoted to any pitch in particular, but he would be delighted to vote for any one upon which they could all agree. The difference between the pitch which had been designated as his and the French pitch, was simply ten vibrations per second. The French pitch was 522 vibrations per second; his was 512. Practically the difference was hardly appreciable by the ear. He thought if it were an open question to decide between the two pitches, they were so near that it would be wise to decide in favor of the lower pitch, for all the evidence went to show that not only had the pitch a tendency to rise from day to day, but even in the course of an evening, and if they were to reach that pitch which was considered desirable, and to which Madame Goldschmidt had alluded as the one given by nature, the pitch would be lower, and not higher than the present one. He would put on record a remarkable expression which was used

some time since by Sir George Smart, in reference to this subject. He said, "It is not the philosopher who has settled the pitch; God Almighty has settled the pitch in making the human voice."

Dr. ARNOTT said it had been mentioned that great inconvenience had been experienced from the rise of the pitch of the organ in the course of an evening's performance. He thought nothing was easier than to maintain the pitch of the organ by means of an apparatus connected with the bellows communicating with the outer air, and so keeping up a blast of cold air through the pipes, thus preventing their expansion by heat.

Mr. WALKER remarked that the cold air must be blown upon the exterior of the pipes as well as upon the interior. Moreover the front pipes of an organ were generally more affected by the heat than the interior pipes.

The CHAIRMAN asked whether he was to consider that they had arrived at this point—viz., that it was desirable to appoint a committee to report what pitch they recommended to be adopted. The opinions advanced would find a proper field for discussion in that committee, as well as some other points as yet untouched.

Mr. TUTTON remarked that there appeared to be no representative of the important class of wind instruments. If they altered the pitch they altered the whole construction of wind instruments, as the present wooden instruments could not possibly be adapted to the new pitch, although the brass ones might be. The present clarionets and bassoons were tuned by drawing out the joints, to make them flatter; but if this was done, the ventages should be enlarged, which could not be done upon the existing instruments.

Mr. HARRY CHESTER, as one of the Council, had no desire to interfere in the musical question which now engaged their attention, but he would put it to the meeting whether the recommendations of a committee, necessarily much smaller than the present assembly, would come with greater authority than a resolution passed by the meeting itself. If they were of opinion that the French pitch was desirable, he would suggest whether they ought not to affirm that by a resolution, rather than defer it to a committee, whose decision, perhaps not being unanimous, would not come with so much weight as a resolution of this numerous meeting.

Mr. HULLAH would like, before the French pitch was adopted, that some person, more conversant with musical calculation than he was, should state what objections—if any—there were to it on that score, because, if not, the difference between that pitch and his was so small, that it might be desirable to adopt the French pitch for the sake of uniformity. He should like to hear the opinion of the Rev. and Learned Chairman upon this subject before they committed themselves to so important a step.

The CHAIRMAN said it might be difficult to find even a small committee in which there would be sufficient unanimity to carry the weight with it which such a decision would require; but, on the other hand, he thought the present meeting was not sufficiently numerous—excluding amateurs like himself—to carry such weight as was requisite for the acceptance of its decision by the musical world at large, especially as it was not understood that the decision of the pitch was to be proposed to the present meeting. With regard to Mr. Hullah's remarks, he would say that every mathematician, at first sight, might have a strong bias in favor of what Mr. Hullah called his standard of 512. Chladni had founded his system upon that number, and no mathematician who expressed the relation of musical notes in numbers could fail to be struck with the advantage for such purposes of that scale, which gave to the middle C 512 vibrations per second. That did not give A a whole number, but it gave a great amount of whole numbers, and in many ways was convenient. Therefore, there must naturally be a strong bias in favor of that standard. On the other hand, the numerical advantages of the standard were not important. Where the note was determined, they knew what it was by the number of vibrations, whether counted in fractions or decimals, and by that means they could recover the note at any time. Therefore he thought the conveniences and inconveniences were of another kind, and must be considered by practical musicians. The difficulty urged by one speaker, that a change of pitch would involve the destruction of a great body of existing instruments was one which must not be overlooked, though some of them, no doubt, might be modified. The alteration of organs to the new pitch would also be a matter of considerable expense. These were difficulties of far more importance than any want of symmetry in numerical calculations. Still, if the French system were adopted over a great part of Europe, so far as there was any perceptible

difference between that and 512, musicians would gain more by adopting it than the mathematicians would lose.

Mr. WILLIS said that when he tuned the organ in Exeter Cathedral, he found the pitch to be a semitone below Mr. Hullah's fork, and in accordance with that given by Handel's fork. The organ was built in 1669. He (Mr. Willis) had built several organs, and he believed none of them were above Mr. Hullah's fork. That at Exeter Hall, and some of the music halls of London, were above it, but as a general rule he believed the organs in the country would be found to be below the standard which Mr. Hullah had given.

Some conversation then took place on questions of detail, when—

The CHAIRMAN said it was impossible to settle those minute points here, and he hoped the meeting would arrive at some practical result. He agreed with Mr. Chester that the decision of a committee might not have the weight of a resolution passed by this general meeting; but the committee would draw up a report to be submitted to a future general meeting called for that purpose. He thought, under all the circumstances, the appointment of a committee was the proper course for them to take.

It was ultimately resolved—"that a sub-committee be formed, to consider and report what pitch should be adopted," and that the following gentlemen be requested to serve on the committee—the Council of the Society of Arts reserving to itself the power to add to or modify it as found expedient:—

Dr. Arnott, F. R. S.	Mr. Charles Horsley.
Mr. Jules Benedict.	Mr. John Hullah,
Professor "terdale Bennett.	Mr. Hy. Leslie.
Mr. H. Blagrove.	Professor Lunn.
Mr. Bowley.	Mr. Alfred Mellon.
Mr. W. Broadwood.	Professor de Morgan, F. R. S.
Mr. Brusaud (Messrs. Erard.)	Mr. A. Nicholson.
Mr. Collard.	The Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley,
Mr. Costa.	Bart.
Rev. B. Morgan Cowie.	Rev. Dr. Rowden.
Professor Donaldson (Edin-	Mr. W. Poie.
burgh.)	Rev. G. T. Driffield.
Dr. Elvey.	Sir George Smart.
Mr. Godfrey.	Mr. J. Turle.
Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.	Mr. Tutton.
Professor Goodeve.	Mr. Waddell.
Mr. F. Davison.	Mr. Walker.
Mr. Henry Griesbach.	The Earl of Westmoreland.
Mr. J. Goss.	Professor Wheatstone, F. R. S.
Mr. Halle.	The Rev. Dr. Whewell, F. R. S.
Mr. Harper.	Professor Willis, F. R. S.
Mr. W. Hill.	Mr. Henry Willis.
Mr. Edward Hopkins.	Dr. Wyld.
Mr. Cipriani Potter.	

### The Crystal Palace as a Place for Music.

The question of the adaptability of the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace for acoustical purposes, in its reconstructed state, has, we think, been satisfactorily determined by the three days' performances of the Handel Festival. While the acknowledgment that an immense advantage has been gained by the erection of the screen around the rear of the orchestra is universal, every visitor to the Palace on Monday, Wednesday, and yesterday, not placed within the direct focus of the sound, must have felt that something still was required to fit the enormous central area of the building for musical performances. No possible increase of band and chorus, with full power of voices and instruments, would suffice to fill those yawning galleries, those interminable aisles, that towering dome whose inverted gulf would swallow up the thunders of twenty thousand singers and executants and give back no reverberation. How, then, is it possible to convert the Central Transept into a grand music hall, capable of accommodating an executive force and an auditory equal to those of the Handel Commemoration, and in which the music will be heard distinctly and equally, or nearly so, throughout the entire structure? There is but one way. To inclose a portion of the Central Transept all round, and to cover the whole closely with a thick canvas roof, taking care that the height be proportionate with the length and width. The screen already erected will serve for one compartment, which should be prolonged at either side and carried on as far as the front of the back galleries and there terminate. This space properly fitted up would accommodate 20,000 spectators, as large a number as the directors can ever expect to bring together at high prices. The 3,500 hand and chorus would then in reality produce the stupendous effect every one anticipated at the Festival, and which those who were placed in favorable situations only felt. We can answer for our own impressions at all events. Seated on the first day on block 55, directly fronting the grand orchestra and under the south gallery, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the whole proceedings. The coup-d'œil was wonderfully imposing, and *à priori* we concluded that it was a delightful place to hear and see. After awhile we began to cogitate upon the

distance of our position from Mr. Costa's chair, and estimated it to be about three times the length of Her Majesty's Theatre from the back of the gallery to the back of the stage. The orchestra, shaped like a gigantic conch shell, seemed admirably formed for the projection of sound into the body of the Transept, and this we thought would obviate the great distance between us and the orchestra. The notion was dissipated by the performance of the National Anthem, which, nevertheless, we were informed had an overwhelming effect in many parts of the reserved seats. Madame Clara Novello's high tones were distinctly audible where we were placed, but they afforded no idea of power, and everybody knows that a soprano voice is heard farther off than any other, as the song of the skylark travels to a greater distance than the deep notes of a blackbird. When the quartet, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Belletti, and Mr. Weiss, sang the second verse, we were compelled to listen with the greatest attention to catch an occasional tone, and sometimes the voices were altogether inaudible. What was the cause of this? The enormous area of the transept, no doubt, in which nothing short of the report of a twenty-four pounder, or the combined voices and instruments of Mr. Costa's gigantic force could awake an echo. The solo singers are undoubtedly of secondary consideration in a display on so vast a scale as that of the Handel Commemoration, but, if they are to exhibit their power, they should have some chance of being heard. Of course those placed in the Central Transept, or in the most forward parts of the gallery, could catch the finest notes of Mr. Sims Reeves, or the most subdued tones of Miss Dolby; but the convenience of the entire multitude should be consulted, so far as is within the bounds of possibility, and every mechanical appliance be brought to conduce to so desirable a result. That the choruses, stupendous as they were, should be subjected to the same variation was inevitable. Of course the united strength of 3,500 practised and efficient singers and players would be felt in every part of the building, but the difference of the sound according to position was too remarkable not to excite attention.

All improvement is gradual. The directors of the Crystal Palace profited by the experiment of 1857, and did what they considered necessary for the great object they had in view. That they have yet to accomplish all they anticipated must not be charged against them as a fault. Rome was not built in a day, neither has the appropriation of the Central Transept for the purposes of musical exhibitions reached that completion which, we have no doubt, it will arrive at, with further enterprise and determination.

The alterations and modifications of the great Handel orchestra will, it may be presumed, remain as they are with a view to future Festivals or Commemorations. Such an important and suggestive occasion as the centenary of the death of the immortal composer is not likely to present itself; but where there's a will there's a way, and the directors will not be slow in finding an opportunity, after the recent transcendent success of the Handel Festival, of again awakening the attention of the musical world to some colossal display, if devoted to a less absorbing object, more perfect in its details and even more stupendous in its results.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of "Morning", a Cantata, by FERDINAND RIES. By some oversight in the sending of plates to the press, the second four pages of this Cantata appeared in last week's paper. Of course the mystery is now explained.

### Straining the Pitch—The Fever of the Times.

A large space in our columns, this week and the last, is occupied with the report of the discussions among leading musical men in England on the subject of the proposed lowering of the Concert Pitch, which from various causes has got strained up a semitone or more above the standard formerly found natural and comfortable by human voices. The almost unanimous testimony was about the same with that elicited by the very thorough inquiries of the Imperial Commission in Paris, whose report we also copied at

the time. The Englishmen take the thing up practically, as they do every thing; they spend no time in speculating on the causes of the crying inconvenience, like the French committee, but, recognizing the fact, proceed at once to seek the remedy; the great question being *how much* shall the pitch be reduced, and shall we, for the sake of nourishing (so far as our example goes) a national into a world-wide uniformity, adopt the new Normal Diapason of the French? It is encouraging to see, in the discussion, how this love of unity has got the better of the old English prejudice against conformity with any good thing coming from the Gallic Nazareth. Should the Germans, too, adopt it, it can hardly fail, so far as positive and outward measures can determine, to become the standard pitch of all the world.

But whether any outward law will much avail? Whether man, the wilful music-making genius or would-be-genius, will actually pitch his music to any law of reason or of tuning forks? Supposing the rule accepted by an unanimous world's vote, how to get it enforced in daily practice? This brings us back to the question of the origin and causes of the rise of the pitch, and make it really the most practical of questions in the matter.

The French Commission fasten the responsibility chiefly upon musical instrument makers and solo-playing virtuosos, the motive being, with both classes, to produce a greater brilliancy of tone, or as we say, to secure "effect." That is the word, a very significant one, *effect*. It has in Art a good sense and a bad sense. All Art seeks of course to be effective, that is, to make itself, its subject, its sentiment, its inspiration, felt. It must produce an impression, or it is nought. But for one who has the gift to produce a genuine impression, to excite, inspire, move, melt an audience, there are scores tormented with a vain ambition to appear to exercise a gift denied them. *Effect* they must make by some means or other, fair or foul. If they cannot by true melodious inspiration from within, how natural to seek some outward semblance of it by a cheap material process! by hiding one's poverty of musical ideas under an imposing wealth and noise of orchestration! by general intensity and brilliancy of style, as hurrying the tempo, straining the note up to a more *criant* and searching pitch, aggravating the emphasis by all sorts of seemingly impassioned, but really only physical and boyishly impatient tricks of musical dynamics!

Now this straining for *effect*, in this external and false sense, is just the vice and fever of the times—it is the leading symptom in the diagnosis of our sick and eager civilization. It is what is meant in cant phrase by a "*fast age*." It afflicts all forms of Art, Music and Painting, as it does literature, and politics, and war and commerce, and all branches of human activity. All everywhere is on the strain, striving to do more than natural and normal faculties were made for, striving to do startling things, to blind men's eyes with miracles of enterprise, till miracles themselves are common-place and unideal.

The real cause, therefore, why tuning-forks have surreptitiously climbed up above the pitch of nature, lies deeper than any special, outward cause assigned. It is a metaphysical and moral cause. It is the false, diseased ambition of the age: a natural and necessary fever phase, perhaps, in the great world's advancement, but not the less a fever. This it is that animates the intense haste to get rich. This prompts a man to wheel a barrow on a tight rope over Niagara Falls. This irritates and burns with morbid intensity in all forms of activity. This creates the intense and startling schools of literature; French plays and novels; boldly colored effect pictures; over-strained Verdi music; the mad distortions of a "Music of the Future," chasing the phantom of originality. This has produced the whole swarm of solo-playing virtuosos and miracle workers, both with voice and instrument; and this of course has prompted to such straining up of strings as has seemed necessary to a new brilliancy and *criant* quality of tone, or in a word, *effect*.

If this be so, whatever cause explains the forcing of the pitch, will at the same time explain



the other morbid intensities in the most modern music. It will be identical with the cause of the too common tendency, in operas and orchestras, to a forced and breathless rapidity of tempo, which is but a concomitant symptom of the same disease. The quicker the vibration the higher the tone. It is, in fact, on the intensity of motion that the rate both of time and pitch depends. And still another symptom, simultaneously accounted for, is the exaggeration of dynamic arts, the passion for strong emphasis, the multiplication of loud brass instruments, the overloading of orchestral scores.

The remedy, therefore, for a forced pitch, useful as the positive measure now suggested may be, must be ultimately sought in the general health of the whole musical life; in the restoration of a sound, wholesome musical feeling, appetite, taste, temper. The more true and genuine our taste in music, the more sincere our love and preference for what is pure and true and from the soul, and our disgust for what is artificial, showy and ambitious, sprung from the foolish passion for "effect," so called, the more easily shall we subside into the tempo and the pitch of nature. If we would not have the virtuosos set the pitch for us in the literal and material sense, we must see to it that we do not take our moral and artistic pitch from them.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The second annual Singing Festival of the Public Schools will take place next Tuesday. Some twelve or fourteen hundred children, piled up amphitheatrically from the stage of the Music Hall, will renew the beautiful spectacle of last July, and will sing, doubtless, with even finer effect than at that time, such noble chorals as "Old Hundred," Luther's "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and others. . . . Promenade Concerts are now held four evenings in the week at the Music Hall, by Gilmore's and the Germania Bands alternately, and attract large crowds. The City Fathers actually have at last appropriated the vast sum of \$500 for evening Music on the Common, when to commence we do not know. . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI is still concertizing "Down East" and North of us, and with most brilliant success. . . . Mrs. ESTCOTT has been singing nightly this week, with rare beauty of voice and easy fluency of style, in the florid music of Auber's *Bayadere*, with a ballet troupe, at the Boston Museum. Mr. MIRANDA is the tenor.

The Philadelphia *Evening Journal* says that FORMES, having angrily parted with ULLMAN, intends organizing a rival opera troupe for the next season. He will bring them to this country in September. The company will be styled "The Carl Formes Opera Company." JENNY PAUR is to be the prima donna, his brother THEODORE FORMES primo tenore, CESARE BADIALI primo baritone, and he (Carl Formes) primo basso. . . . ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH will, it is said, be joint managers of Opera in the "Academies" of the three cities next season. Strakosch has gone to Europe to engage singers.

We commend what is said in our English extracts to-day of the immense popularity in England of "Israel in Egypt" to those newspaper critics here and in New York, who flippantly dismissed it as a work antiquated and unfit to be taken from the shelf. If this is not evidence enough, we may notice the fact that a complete edition of "Israel in Egypt" has been issued in the "Tonic Sol-fa" version, which is the new and easy system by which hundreds of thousands are taught to sing in England, and in which it will, of course, find the widest circulation.

MEYERBEER is in London, superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, and the *Musical World* is again busy in the defence of the composer against the criticisms of Wagner, Heine, Dr. Zopf, and others.

It is pleasant to see Musical Societies take pride in their leaders. Testimonials of gratitude, like the two following, are not unfrequently brought to our notice by correspondents or by exchange papers. The first is from New York, whence a member of the "Mendelssohn Union" writes us:

A few evenings since, at a regular meeting of the Union, at their rooms in Cooper Institute, the President, on behalf of the Union, presented to Mr. WM. BERGE, the well known Organist of the 16th Street Church, who has been associated with them a number of years as pianist, a complete set of elaborately wrought table silver, contained in a handsome velvet and satin case, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. William Berge, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Mendelssohn Union, 1859." Each piece engraved with the name of the donee in old English text. Dr. Guilmette responded for Mr. Berge, in his usual happy style, and the affair passed off with credit to all concerned, and leaving a sense of pleasure that will not soon be forgotten.

The other is from the Hartford (Conn.) *Evening Press*, of July 9, which says:

About a hundred of the active and honorary members of the "Beethoven Society" assembled in Odd Fellows Hall last evening, to conclude the season with appropriate exercises. The hall was decorated with pictures and flowers, and a bountiful supply of refreshments was served up. The Hartford Band gave one of their regular out-door concerts to a delighted crowd outside beneath the windows, and members of the Society played to an equally delighted but smaller crowd inside. There were a song by Mrs. Strickland, two or three quartets by Messrs. Wander, Waltz, Maercklein and Gundlach, instrumental music by Messrs. Stickney, Sternberg and Mahler, and Mr. Adkins volunteered his quadrille band for dancing. The company reluctantly separated some time after midnight.

About 10 o'clock in the evening, a beautiful baton, made from a piece of the Charter Oak, of the most exquisite grain and finish, mounted with gold at either end, and a gold band in the centre containing the inscription, was presented to Mr. J. G. BARNETT, the society's excellent conductor, in an appropriate speech by Prof. Daves, president of the society. Prof. Daves spoke of the difficulties overcome and the present condition of the society, which is no longer an experiment but an established fact; much of which is owing to the efforts of Mr. Barnett as conductor. The baton was signed as a testimonial of regard from all the members of the society. Mr. Barnett was taken by surprise, but succeeded in happily expressing his gratitude.

Boy choirs are becoming more and more common in the English Episcopal churches of this country. One of the papers of Newport, R. I., says:

Trinity Church was last Sunday the scene of a new phase in church music. Mr. Tourjee, the organist and musical director of that church, introduced a choir of seventeen children of his own teaching, who, with the assistance of tenor and bass voices, performed the musical part of the services, and in a manner to elicit the admiration of the entire congregation. Their time is said to have been equal to the best trained voices. Their ages were from 8 to 14 years. Although this is a new thing in Newport, it has a precedent in other places. The choir of St. Andrew's Church, Providence, is composed almost entirely of boys; it is also a general custom in the renowned cathedrals and churches in Europe. The performance of the choir at Trinity church last Sabbath, reflects great credit upon their instructor, Mr. EREN TOURJEE.

ROSSINI, before leaving Paris for his country seat at Passy, gave a brilliant farewell Soirée, at which the pianist, Rosenhain, distinguished himself by improvisations, and Mme. Pardieu de Malleville sang airs from Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. The great Italian maestro is evidently partial in his old days to German music.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

(From the *Athenaeum*, June 25.)

"From weak to weaker" seems to be the motto of the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo is, we perceive, about to be replaced there by Madame Vestvali, a *contralto*, or rather *mezzo soprano*, who passed through London some years ago, and who has since been popular in Mexico. When she was in England she was neither a good voice nor a tolerable singer. She is to appear, it is said, in a French version of Bellini's "I Capuletti," as *Romeo* to the Juliet of Madame Lauters. Has such a measure been decided on in rivalry of a plan, of infinitely greater promise, on the *tropis* in Paris?—this being nothing less than a new "Romeo and Juliet," to be composed for Mesdames Viardot and Miolan-Carvalho, by M. Gounod.

Wild work is made of music by War. A "Magenta" cantata, improvised in Paris,—the close of Milanese theatres driving the singers hither and thither in search of bread,—are only among the most obvious incidents of the hour. In outlying places there have been demonstrations sufficiently odd and

significant, as the following anecdote derived from the *Gazette Musicale* will prove. M. Henri Herz has been on a concert-tour in Russia. At a second concert, given by him at Warsaw, he introduced his sixth *Pianoforte Concerto*, with orchestra and chorus. Up to this point he had been received with the warmest applause; but scarcely had the chorus sung the first bars of its part than many and persevering hisses broke out. Not knowing how to account for such a check, M. Herz began the movement afresh; when the outcries of aversion became so violent from every part of the hall as entirely to drown the voices of the executants. He withdrew entirely disconcerted. On entering the artists' room the storm was explained thus: The melody, said many of his listeners who got about him, bore a striking resemblance to the Austrian national air, the introduction of which the audience would not abide. It was not difficult for M. Herz to justify himself, by explaining that the *Concerto* had been written years before at Paris, when there was no Austrian question; and that he had never heard the national air played or sung (somewhat apocryphal this, by the way, if the tune was "God preserve the Emperor"). After this explanation he was allowed to resume his performance, which was received with the utmost applause.

The *Grand Western Musical Association* of France is about to assemble at Nîort on the 5th and 6th of next month. There will be two performances: the first consisting of the second part of "Elijah," a "Hymn of Night," an Oratorio by M. Beaulieu, unaccompanied sacred music by Vittoria, fragments by Marcello and Lotti and an old French carol. On the second day will be executed a Symphony by Haydn, the "Euryanthe" Overture, the third *finale* to "Fidelio," and the fourth *finale* to "Les Martyrs," by Signor Donizetti. The solo singers are to be Mlle. Trebelli (a young lady whose name is unknown to us), MM. Jourdain and Battaille.

### London.

(From the *Athenaeum*, June 18.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Last week the pianists held the concert kingdom in their hands. M. Halle began his *Pianoforte Recitals* on the Friday; playing, to our thinking, about as well as it is possible to play, and heard to particular advantage, owing to the choice of his music, among which was a *partita* or set of pieces by Bach, most of them founded on some dance-measure of old time,—quaint, intellectual, ingenious movements,—Beethoven's *Sonata* in A flat, with its impassioned *Caravina* and curious final fugue,—and pieces by Chopin, ending with that bonstful and grandiose *Polonaise* in A flat, which is, perhaps, almost too bonstful and grandiose to be possible on the pianoforte, as we could imagine it—strange emanation from one so tremulous, so delicate so gentle-spirited!—giving proof, were proof needed, how totally separate are physical and poetical powers.

If any one could play out this same *Polonaise* to all its length, breadth, and height, it would, probably, be that striking pianist whose concert was held the evening after that of M. Halle, we allude to M. Rubinstein, who has a plenitude of force and fire (not excluding delicacy) hardly equaled in our recollection. That this gentleman has not yet enjoyed his fair share of public favor in England might, perhaps be explained—but no matter for the moment—to ourselves, a vigor, an interest and a mastery are in his execution (if not always tempered by perfect taste), and a serious intention is in his compositions; betokening a resolution to aspire and to achieve, which are more than commonly attractive. If he sometimes miss his way he is always earnest. There is nothing small in his proceedings—next to nothing *ad caprandum*. There was much that should please in his *Second Concerto*; less in his Symphony—but in both traces of the hand of a thoughtful composer.

Mr. Smith announces that he has added Mlle. Piccolimini, M. Belart, and Signor Violetti to his company, and that they will appear at Drury Lane forthwith.

An English version of M. Meyerbeer's Breton opera may be shortly expected—by Mr. Henry F. Chorley.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The last day of the Festival was Friday, the 24th of June, when the performance consisted entirely of "Israel in Egypt." The multitude congregated on that day was unprecedented on any previous occasion, amounting to the enormous number of twenty-six thousand eight hundred and twenty-six persons. They flocked from all parts of London by railway trains and every variety of conveyance; yet, notwithstanding the universal eagerness and excitement, this vast crowd were brought to Sydenham, and every individual conducted to his or her proper seat within the Palace without the slightest accident, impediment, or disorder of any kind. This



fact speaks volumes for the administrative capacity of the Crystal Palace Company, and for the activity and energy of the officials of every degree, from the highest to the lowest. It forms a most striking contrast to the management of the celebrated first Handel Commemoration, at Westminster Abbey, in 1784, as described by Dr. Burney. That commemoration, which, at the time and long afterwards, was the theme of wonder on account of its stupendous magnitude, was in truth a puny affair when compared with that which we have just witnessed. At none of the performances did the number of the audience exceed three thousand, a number not equal to that of the performers assembled last week in the orchestra; yet, says the historian, at ten o'clock, "such a crowd of ladies and gentlemen were assembled together as became very formidable and terrific to each other, particularly the female part of the expectants; for some of them, being in full dress, and every instant more and more incommode and alarmed by the violence of those who pressed forward in order to get near the door, screamed, others fainted, and all were dismayed and apprehensive of fatal consequences—as many of the most violent among the gentlemen threatened to break open the door, a measure which, if adopted, would probably have cost many of the most feeble and helpless their lives, as they must infallibly have been thrown down and trampled upon by the robust and impatient part of the crowd." In 1784 three thousand people could not be admitted into Westminster Abbey without the occurrence of such scenes of confusion and peril; within our own memory, at the last commemoration in 1834, things were not greatly amended; and now, in 1859, thirty thousand people were conveyed to a place ten miles distant from London, and placed in their allotted seats, with ease, quietness, and safety.

When this was accomplished, and when, one o'clock having arrived, Mr. Costa waved his bâton, and the first chord of "God Save the Queen" burst from so many thousand voices and instruments, the vast multitude started to their feet, presenting a coup d'œil of indescribable splendor. All eyes were turned to the Royal box, where there was an illustrious party, consisting of the Prince Consort and the Princesses Alice and Helena, together with the Count of Flanders; but our gracious Sovereign was absent, to the great disappointment of every one, though this feeling did not lessen the enthusiasm of the cheers which followed the National Hymn.

The performance of "Israel in Egypt" then began. The immense favor in which this oratorio is held by the English public is an emphatic indication of the progress of music in this country since the days of its composer. In 1739, when it was first produced, it had only three performances to empty houses, though Handel endeavored to tempt the public by interlarding it with Italian songs warbled by the sirens of the Opera House; and, during the twenty years of the composer's subsequent life, it seems to have been performed only five times more, at long intervals. It fell into total oblivion till it was revived in our own day by the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose magnificent performances at Exeter Hall gradually opened the eyes (or, more properly, the ears) of the public to its transcendent greatness. And now there is no music meeting of note in any part of England which is regarded as complete without a performance of "Israel in Egypt."

The performance of this great work brought the Festival to a close. When it was over, the immense multitude dispersed themselves through the beautiful grounds, and, after enjoying the freshness of a delightful summer evening, gradually departed with the same order, ease, and quietness which had attended their arrival.

There are some statistical and financial matters connected with this Festival which are exceedingly curious and important.

The numbers of visitors on the different days were the following, according to the official returns which have been made:—On Saturday (at the rehearsal), 19,680; on Monday, 17,109; on Wednesday, 17,644; and on Friday, 26,826; making a grand total of above eighty-one thousand—a number exceeding by more than thirty thousand the whole attendance at the Festival of 1857. The total receipts are stated to be above £33,000, and the expenses about £18,000, leaving a clear surplus of about £15,000, to be divided between the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the proportion of two-thirds to the former and one-third to the latter. Thus the Crystal Palace Company will be benefited to the extent of at least £10,000—a comfortable hearing to the shareholders, who will feel the benefit when they come to receive their dividends. As to the Sacred Harmonic Society, it is not a commercial speculation, and its funds do not go into the pockets of its members; but the receipt of £5,000 will materially

strengthen its hands and enlarge its means of carrying out its great artistic objects.

The management of this great celebration has reflected the utmost honor on every person engaged in it. The palm is certainly due, in the first place, to Mr. Costa, the prince of musical directors, without whose profound knowledge of his art, practical experience, firmness, energy, and indefatigable perseverance, the great design, which never would have been adopted without his counsel, could not have been accomplished without his co-operation. In the next place, honor is due to the committees of the Sacred Harmonic Society and of the Crystal Palace Company, and especially to Mr. Bowley, who may be said to be the representative of both bodies, having been for many years the life and soul of the one, and being now the active and energetic manager of the other. All honor, too, is due to the performers. We speak less, however, of the eminent artists who were professionally engaged on terms of due remuneration, and who fulfilled their engagements with praiseworthy talent and care, than of the thousands of able amateurs who flocked from all parts of the kingdom to serve under the standard of Marshal Costa, animated by a pure and disinterested love of music, and by veneration for the memory of the greatest of musicians. Nothing has ever shown so conclusively that England is pre-eminently a musical nation as the immense amount of knowledge, talent, and enthusiasm which this Festival has shown to exist among those industrious classes of society who cultivate music as an accomplishment and a recreation. It is among these, the middle classes of England, that this divine art, in its best and noblest forms, is now making progress with a rapidity and sureness unequalled in any other country in the world.

The following comparison of the numbers attending at the Handel Festival in 1857 and 1859 may be interesting, as showing that the appetite for these monster meetings is increasing:

1857.		1859.	
Saturday (Rehearsal)	8,344	Saturday (Rehearsal)	19,680
Monday ("Messiah")	11,120	Monday ("Messiah")	17,109
Wednesday ("Judas Maccabeus")	11,649	Wednesday (Selections)	17,644
Friday ("Israel")	17,292	Friday ("Israel")	26,826
Total	48,414	Total	81,290

The following list of refreshments consumed at the Crystal Palace during the Handel Festival may be found amusing:—19,200 sandwiches, 14,000 pies, 240 fore-quarters of lamb, 120 balantine of lamb, 3509 chickens, 480 hams, 485 tongues, 150 galantines of chicken, 60 game pies, 3052 lobster salads, 3825 salmon mayonnaise, 300 score of lettuce, 40,000 penny buns, 25,000 twopenny buns, 32,249 ices, 400 jellies, 400 creams, 350 fruit tarts, 2419 dozen "beverages," 1152 malt liquor ditto, nine tons of roast and boiled beef, 3506 quarts of tea, coffee, and chocolate. —*Illustrated News.*

Of the success of the Festival generally, the *Musical World* says:

We are compelled to admit that no such effect was ever produced before by any combination of voices and instruments. The occasional want of steadiness, when the vast multitude seemed swayed to and fro, like a pendulum, until checked and arrested by the emphatic decision of the conductor; the more frequent want of delicacy, inevitable under such exceptional conditions; and the almost utter submergence—just as inevitable—in the tremendous ocean of sound, of all the more delicate points of instrumentation (so as, in one instance, even to justify the conviction that *The Messiah* would have done as well, if not better, without Mozart's accompaniments), while in a certain degree disappointing, were as nothing in the balance if weighed against the grandeur and sublimity that incessantly astonished the ear and filled the mind with wonder at the marvellous power of music.

There are many choruses of Handel which, unlike those of other composers, seem to gather force and, at the same time, preserve their clearness with every addition to the numerical strength of the choir, until, at last, the imagination loses itself altogether in speculation, and can conceive without effort, and without apparent disregard of probability, one hundred thousand voices shouting praises in "Hallelujah," and apostrophizing the Redeemer in "Worthy is the Lamb." Who can say there was one voice too many on Monday last, when the glass roof of the Sydenham Palace trembled and shook with the utterance of these magnificent hymns, and reverberated with the clangor of that mighty orchestra? The voices and the instruments, giving tongue to the music of inspiration, interpreting the ideas that dwelt in the heart of an intellectual giant, soared heavenward, and, in poetical phrase, "rent the skies."

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